

# Stevie Nix

## The Hold Steady

You came into the party with a long black shawl  
And the guys from the front lawn were making jokes about the white swan  
Some nights we just need to get touched and rub up against something plush  
Some nights it's just a crush and some nights it's blood lust  
She said we might use you later on  
Meet me right back here around dawn  
You came into the ER drinking gin from a jam jar  
And the nurse is making jokes about the ER being like an after bar  
You know you're weak and effete and I'm coming up from the streets  
You're up in your loft getting soft and I'm coming up the stairs and I'm coming from the streets  
She said I love the guys you can't trust  
Meet me here about dusk  
I was half dead then I got born again  
I got lost in all the lights but it was okay in the end  
And when we hit the twin cities, I didn't know that much about it  
I knew Mary Tyler Moore and I knew Profane Existence  
I was keyed up, keys jangled in the stalls  
They counted money in the motels, they mostly sold it in the malls  
And the carpet at the Thunderbird  
Has a burn for every cowboy that got fenced in

She said you remind me of Rod Stewart when he was young  
You've got passion and you think that you're sexy and all the punks think that you're dumb  
The guys around the lockers got a story about the stomach pump  
And the guys behind the theater found a body in the garbage dump  
She got screwed up by religion  
She got screwed by soccer players  
She got high for the first time at the camps down by the banks of the Mississippi River  
Lord, to be seventeen forever  
She got confused about the truth  
She came to in a confession  
She got high for the last time in the camps down by the banks of the river  
Lord, to be thirty-three forever  
And she got screwed up by her vision  
It was scary when she saw him  
She didn't tell a single person about the camps on the banks of the Mississippi River  
Lord, to be seventeen forever  
She got strung out on the scene  
And she got scared when it got druggy

The way the whispers bit like fangs in the last hour of the party  
Lord, to be thirty-three forever

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